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AN AGREEABLE EXCEPTION.

WE endeavoured some little time ago in these columns to indicate the subtle part which music plays in the romances of the great Russian novelist and to contrast the real feeling and admirable appropriateness of his allusions with the rambling effusion and the ludicrous technical inaccuracy of the average novelist when he diverges into this region. An extensive enforced acquaintance with this branch of literature has enabled us to accumulate an ever-growing collection of the freaks of fiction from which we may extract one or two to vindicate the severity of our strictures. And first let it be observed that the musical gifts of hero and heroine in sentimental fiction are seldom represented as the result of, or in need of, cultivation. They sing, as they dance, spontaneously, without rehearsal or practice. Their playing is almost invariably of the nature of an improvisation. Their fingers "wander idly" over the keys, now in chords of solemn grandeur, transporting us into the lofty cathedral aisle, till we can see the swinging censers and breathe the heavy incense-laden air. Then comes a sudden modulation, and we are in a mountain glen by the side of a plashing torrent, &c. If our readers want to find the *reductio ad absurdum* of this sort of description they will encounter it in a very clever, very vulgar, and very popular reading, called "Rubinstein," in which the images called up by the playing of the great *virtuoso* before the mind of an American are set forth with a profusion of grotesque similes, an extravagance, and an ineptitude which are only to be met with in the works of second-rate Transatlantic humorists. Here is a passage from an otherwise spirited though unreal work, "Lady Lovelace," which illustrates that trait so common among writers of fiction of ascribing to their hero or heroines an Admirable Crichton-like aggregate of accomplishments. The squire and his friends are playing at whist when they hear "a long, low trill from the farther end of the drawing-room, somewhat resembling that of an early nightingale getting up its notes in the dim twilight it mistakes for night. So then this young beauty was endowed with the voice of a prima-donna as well as the step of an empress and the face of an angel (Vol. I., pp. 62-63)." One of the most deliciously *bathetic* lines ever printed exemplifies the risk of handling a subject unfamiliar to the writer. It occurs in a poem describing a water-party, in a volume of juvenile verses, long since suppressed, by a now distinguished dignitary of the Church, and tells how one of the company, a boy-poet, charmed his comrades by singing—

"In exquisite falsetto now and then."

The author's blissful unconsciousness of absurdity in volunteering this preposterous detail is quite sublime. There is a sort of Nemesis attending these excursions into the unknown which seldom fails to convict the offender. In a long and very readable novel now lying before us, there are not more than three or four allusions to music throughout its entire extent. But in the very first of all the writer has been beguiled by her ignorance of musical phraseology into a very quaint blunder. The hero, while attending High Mass in Strasbourg Cathedral, is described as catching "the tones of a soft voice, mingling with his friend the Burgomaster's deep, thorough bass."

Exceptions fortunately do occur to accentuate the blank neglect or indiscreet patronage accorded as a rule to music in the sphere of fiction. Such exceptions are the novels of Tourgueneff and, so far as our somewhat limited acquaintance with his works goes, those of his great rival and friend Léon Tolstoi. Such an exception is that charming story "Alcestis" (published in 1873), which gives such a graceful picture of musical life in Germany, and in particular in Dresden and Vienna about the middle of the last century. And such another exception is the unpretending volume in a paper cover, entitled "A Summer Day-dream and other Stories," by

Julian Ord (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), in which, quite apart from its apt and effective allusions to music, some of our leading critical reviews have discovered qualities so rare and admirable as to extort almost unqualified praise for the author's achievement, as well as to inspire them with a lively expectation of favours to come from the same hand. We need not here do more than allude in passing to the charm of style, the finished portraiture, the keen sense of the beauty of country life, and that happy blending of humour and seriousness, which combine to render this modest volume such attractive reading. There is a quiet sustained glow of interest about it, which is far harder to produce than those occasional coruscations followed by dreary stretches of commonplace, which characterize the work of so many labourers in the field of fiction. Lastly, though a keen and impartial observer, Julian Ord is free from the gross naturalism as well as the gloom of the realistic school. His realism is that of Tourgueneff—the true realism to our way of thinking—and there are not wanting signs to prove that intelligent study of that great writer's method as well as intellectual affinity has tended to produce the result which has suggested to us this comparison.

For the present, however, we would limit our attention to the references to music in these pages. Here are some thoughtful remarks on the true attitude of the interpreter. "Meredith had the true artistic nature that easily rises above all circumstances and surroundings of the hour and finds itself alone with the thought in its marvellous emotional clothing, which we call Music. Few are they who can so rise, and exhibit no undue excess of fervour, who can lift their hearers *with* them even as the orator, whose theme, though it possesses every fibre of him, he yet feels too sacred to be used as a means for paltry effect. This wonderful power of inoculating with enthusiasm is one of the most godlike gifts given to us. And perhaps a noble song well sung is a more powerful spiritual agent than we know. It is a purifying, laving element, this music, that washes away many a devil's mood, even from your commonplace, small-souled individual; and when we are humming or whistling depend upon it the devil is not very near." Unlike the writers alluded to above, who never vouchsafe to acquaint us with the title of the pieces performed by their characters, Julian Ord is almost invariably precise without being aggressively so, as the following extracts will prove:—"Among other accomplishments the master of High Green played the flute, which had been the favourite instrument for amateurs in his younger days. He was a correct musician, a little deficient in tone, and apt to lose his breath now over rapid passages, but sympathetic withal. He proceeded to play with Eva, a sonata of Dussek's for flute and piano: precise music, redolent of the harpsichord, of powdered wigs and buckled shoes; whose sentiment if somewhat choked up in starched forms and overloaded with impertinent trills, yet managed occasionally to rise above these and fill the hearer with its suave content; in fine, a well-meaning music, imitated at a long distance from Mozart, with much of his fresh melody but lacking his science." Again, in another passage, descriptive of a musical party, we read how "when the company had somewhat dwindled Mr. Penfold was induced to bring out the flute; he played, with Eva, a cavatina by Clinton, the once celebrated flautist. There is a species of music, quite unoriginal, containing no depth of passion, expressing only a gentle sorrow or a self-contained joy, yet agreeably titillating the ear with its florid lace work of turns and elaborations; forming, in fact, a good background to a lazy, meditative mood. Such music, it seems the lot of great executants to compose. Their knowledge of their instrument and their technical proficiency is everywhere revealed in it, that genuine

inspiration alone is wanting, of which they themselves are such apt exponents—theirs is the interpretative, not the creative nature. Seldom are the two combined in limited man. Notable exceptions there have been: Spohr, Chopin, and, in a measure, Mozart; but the rule is a sound one, based on laws easily discernible." Two other incidents of this same musical party are so admirably related, and reflect so faithfully sundry aspects of drawing-room dilettantism, that we make no apology for transcribing them *in extenso*:—"Standing aside from the piano, and facing her audience without music, Miss Treherne sang with correct intonation one of those strange modern Italian songs, than which I know nothing more unsuited to an English singer, and an English drawing-room. Given with appropriate gesture and Southern vivacity the present specimen might have been just tolerable, perhaps even characteristic. Sung in costume by a clever artist it might have passed in an *opéra bouffe* of the lightest description. Divested of all this, sung coldly and evenly by an English amateur in Anglo-Italian, it showed for what it was, an intrinsically worthless composition. Miss Treherne had been carefully coached in the song by an accredited musician. At the close of each verse there was a short run, a pause, the eyebrows were elevated, the head tossed—then came a vivacious slurred ascent to the key note. Such was the intention of the composer. The singer on the present occasion executed her run, coldly raised her eyebrows, just moved her head, and rose languidly to the key-note, looking in the opinion of some present supremely ridiculous. Yet this song, so sung, had been loudly applauded in many London drawing-rooms." As a fitting pendant to this we give the following amusing sketch of Mr. Johannsen, a Dane:—"He came to the piano, and sitting down as if he did not mean to remain there, struck a few chords softly and seemed to hum something to himself. Then he looked round gravely upon his audience, and began in a strong resonant voice. The song was in the popular dialect of Naples with which he was clearly familiar. The music was a species of dance rhythm, constantly interrupted and broken off to admit of by-play of hand and feature. Meredith thought Mr. Johannsen's face one of the most expressive he had ever seen: there were sly looks, nods, significant shrugs and pauses of enquiry; the words were of course humorous. At the end of each verse came the repetition of a single syllable negligently rolled over the tongue in different tones, now high, now low, see-saw fashion; and ending in a laugh which the accompaniment dexterously followed and cut short by its final chord. Though no one understood a word, there was an uncontrollable burst of laughter round the room. The singer, perfectly unmoved, played a mazurka-like interlude and commenced afresh. There were four verses, each ending with the laugh. A curious feature of the performance was that Mr. Johannsen seemed quite absorbed, and rather as if talking and laughing to himself than performing; never did man's face look less conscious of an audience. At the end of the fourth verse he rose gravely from the piano, amid much laughter and applause. 'Capital! *cap-ital!*' shouted Mr. Penfold. 'Isn't that good, Meredith? Never heard such an absurd thing in my life. What does it all mean? What do the words mean, Johannsen?' Mr. Johannsen smiled a dry sort of smile, and again lifted his shoulders almost imperceptibly. 'It is a song of the Neapolitan people,' he said. 'One could not sing it in a drawing-room at Naples!' He arched his eyebrows and passed on."

The foregoing extracts by no means exhaust all the allusions to music which occur within the compass of the 180 pages occupied by "A Summer Day-dream," but we trust they have made it clear that our praise has not been unmerited. And it is of happy augury that this young writer should have succeeded so admirably in his treatment of a subject, the

sympathetic handling of which has been a marked characteristic of at least three of the foremost writers of contemporary fiction—George Sand, Tourgueneff, and George Eliot.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NICOLO PAGANINI.

By FELIX WEISS.

In writing this short memoir I need not commence by making any apology for introducing a name that must ever prove interesting to the whole world, and to musical society especially. The incidents I desire to relate came under my own personal observation, and although I was but a youth at the time, and must depend to some extent upon the statements of those who then surrounded me, the incidents have never yet been published, and I believe they are calculated to throw additional light upon the character of one whose whole life was, in a certain sense, a mystery.

The extraordinary sensation produced in England by the appearance of Paganini is not remarkable when we recall the fact that for more than thirty years his fame as a violinist had been gradually augmenting in his native land. In 1798, although he was but fifteen years of age, his success was established; and from 1805 to 1827 he travelled all over Italy, and in every principal town created the wildest enthusiasm. In 1813, in one town alone (Milan) he gave thirty-seven concerts, so it is not surprising that encouraged by success (although somewhat retarded by the state of his health) he at length, in 1828, decided upon visiting Germany, and he gave concerts in most of the principal towns. On the 9th of March, 1831, he was heard in Paris for the first time, and finally arrived in London in the month of August of the same year. In a letter dated the 16th of August, he speaks of the manner in which he is mobbed in London,* and on the following day (the 17th) he addressed a letter to my father † (who had previously been introduced to him abroad) desiring him to make arrangements for his first appearance at Liverpool. Thus it was that I had an opportunity of hearing his remarkable performance, and also of frequently being in his society, as he brought his son Achille with him, who, being about my own age, became my companion and playmate. Paganini's attachment to this youth has been frequently alluded to, and I can bear witness that he exhibited the greatest anxiety whenever the boy was out of his sight. His melancholy visage brightened up the moment Achille returned, and this attachment continued through life, and at his death he left him a large fortune.

It was amusing to see the manner in which the spoilt boy managed to get over his parent. The father's avarice was proverbial (of this I shall have something to say later on), but he would let the youngster take his purse out of his pocket (although it must be acknowledged he never had much money in it), and help himself to what he wanted. I remember on one celebrated occasion he managed to get an English sovereign from his father, and he was highly delighted to find that it was worth more than a twenty-franc piece. We went across the Mersey, to what was then a little village called Woodside, and there enjoyed ourselves immensely; but it is pleasing to record that the child never returned without some surprise for his dear father. It generally took the form of a bouquet of flowers, and although the old man lamented very sadly the waste of so much money, Achille soothed him with kisses, and he let the boy have his own way in everything.

If the great *virtuoso* complained of the manner in which he was mobbed in London, his reception in Liverpool must have horrified him even more. These were the days when hackney cabs did not ply for hire in the streets even of the largest provincial towns. Cars (as they were called) had to be engaged previously, and as Paganini never walked, he preferred a Bath chair with an attendant to push it along. So many mistaken ideas exist about this remarkable man's appearance, that some description by one who was with him frequently may not be uninteresting. The sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer‡ is hardly more than a clownish caricature, nor is the drawing by

* Grove's Dictionary of Music, page 629, Vol. II.

† In my possession,

‡ Grove's Dictionary of Music, p. 631, vol. II.

Daniel Maclise, published in the *Graphic*, August 1, 1885,* much better. It gives the idea of a man whose personal appearance is entirely neglected, and whose hair is left in the most dishevelled condition. Paganini was proud of his appearance, and although he was so thin that his clothes hung upon him as on a scarecrow, his hair was always carefully combed and brushed, and I may add, put into paper every night. He was not what would be called a tall man, for as I have seen him standing side by side with my father, I can declare that he was under five feet ten inches in height. He was, as I have said, exceedingly thin, and his arms and hands unnaturally long. His bony fingers seemed to stretch from one end of the violin key-board to the other without an effort, and it has been asserted that without such a length of finger he never could have played the passages he is known to have executed. He wore his hair (of which he was very proud) in long ringlets over his shoulders. Its colour was a rich brown (not black as some have stated), and although he looked many years older than his age (47) he was proud that he had not got a grey hair on his head. I was present when a lady (Mrs. Yaniewicz, the wife of the celebrated violinist), attempted to steal a lock, and his indignation was so great that she had much difficulty in appeasing his anger. The son's hair was allowed to grow in a similar manner, and the likeness between the two was so striking that when they went out together, the father riding in the Bath-chair, the son walking by his side, the people would make jesting remarks which annoyed Paganini exceedingly.

His health at this period was represented as being rather better than usual, but he suffered from an affection of the throat and his lungs were supposed to be diseased. He generally carried a small bottle, containing, it was said, a quack nostrum, with him, but he avoided all questions on the subject. His digestion was so weak that he lived principally on spoon-meat—indeed, his dread of a knife was so great that he never used one. The best likeness I have ever seen is that on a medal executed by A. Bovy in 1831. On the portrait side is inscribed, "Fama Paganini non est peritura per annos." On the reverse side is an eagle with outstretched wings, bearing in one claw a bow, and in his beak a violin with one string on it. Around the edge it bears the inscription, "Parisienses prædicant et orbis verba desunt." He professed to attach great value to this medal, and in presenting one (which is now in my possession) to my father, he said, "I give you that which I consider the highest token of my regard"; but as the Genoese was celebrated for high-flown compliments, he may have said the same to a hundred persons before.

The language that Paganini used in his ordinary conversation and correspondence was French. He knew very little German or English, and of his native language he said, "I only use it as a luxury." His son had had some instruction in English, and with the little French I, as a boy, was master of, we got on fairly well together. I shall never forget the glee with which the son taught his father the word "humbug." Some one had made use of the word when speaking of the violinist, and Achille was not satisfied until I had explained its meaning. Many in this country when he made his first appearance called Paganini a humbug, but they were only those who had never heard him play; once having heard him, they acknowledged that what he did was thoroughly legitimate, and marvellously effective. It is a question whether any instrumentalist, past or present, ever created so much enthusiasm. The sensation he produced in Liverpool is indescribable, and the whole town flocked out to catch a glimpse of him. Even the street boys went about singing,

"Paganini to England came
And huddled his way to wealth and fame."

His portrait, exhibited in my father's shop window, attracted so large a crowd that the neighbours complained; and once, when he was with my father, his Bath-chair remaining at the door, the concourse became so great that the Signor was afraid to leave. Everything that Paganini did had something peculiar about it; even his manner of entering the orchestra was thoroughly original. He glided on to the platform like a phantom, his long arms dangling down, with bow in one hand and violin in the other; he bowed low to the audience amidst deafening applause, then standing erect he would raise his bow into the air and place his instrument in position, but no sooner

was silence restored—a silence that marked the interest of the audience—than once more he lowered his violin and bowed again, as if he desired to impress upon them his appreciation of their attention. But he had seldom occasion to complain of a want of attention, and he stated that the smallest interruption painfully affected him; indeed, he could not play unless he was listened to, and as he never had any copy of the solo parts (at least of his own compositions), even when playing with an orchestra, his concertos sounded more like extempore efforts; indeed, when he played the works of others (so it is said) he altered them to introduce his own peculiar effects.

My father was originally in partnership with Felix Yaniewicz as a music publisher, &c. Yaniewicz was a very fine violin player, well known in Germany and Italy, and one of the original leaders of the Philharmonic Society of London. He married a Liverpool lady, and although the partnership with my father had been dissolved some years, and he had settled in Edinburgh, he came frequently to Liverpool, and expressly to meet Paganini on his first visit. The interview between the two violin players occurred at our house, and was so singularly grotesque that I can distinctly remember my father boxing my ears and turning me out of the room for laughing. Yaniewicz also was a very strange man; he had quite forgotten his own language (Polish), and had neglected to learn any other, so that his conversation was made up of a mixture of English, French, Italian, and German, interlarded with exclamations that could hardly claim any nationality. We were all in a state of great excitement when the great *virtuoso* arrived in his Bath-chair. He was at once conducted to the room where Mr. and Mrs. Yaniewicz, an old friend of the name of Henry Von dem Busch, and the members of our family were assembled. Paganini as he entered cried out in French, "Where is my old friend Yaniewicz—the master who has made me what I am," and without further introduction he flopped down on his knees, but unfortunately he flopped to the wrong person, and old Busch, who was at the other end of the room, received this unexpected honour. Paganini afterwards contented himself with simply embracing his fellow artist, and they entered into a rambling conversation, which my father partly translated for the satisfaction of my mother, who did not understand a word of French. From this we gleaned that Paganini was well acquainted with the Polish violinist's many works, some of which Yaniewicz professed to have forgotten, for the purpose (as my father thought) of hearing the Italian play them. Both these artists seemed to be highly pleased with each other, and both of them contributed many short movements, greatly to our delight—for the flopping having terminated I was allowed to enter the room once more.

I shall never forget one thing that surprised me very much at the time. The tears streamed from Yaniewicz's eyes when Paganini played one particular movement. There is no doubt about it, the Genoese player desired to make an impression upon his old master, as he called Yaniewicz, and he knew that something more than clever execution was expected of him. Paganini declared that some of the Polish violinist's exercises had been of great advantage to him, and thus he named him his early master. Yaniewicz at this period was a fine old man with snow-white hair and erect figure. He still played with great expression, a quality he is said to have derived from his master, Viotti, who introduced him to a London audience in 1791.

It has been remarked that Paganini in later years never practised, but I can testify that he frequently played particular passages over and over again, and that his violin was generally on his table. I know that one day (I think it was when he made his second visit to Liverpool) I returned to the Adelphi Hotel with his son Achille, and heard him playing. We sat on the stairs as the son did not like to interrupt his father. On another occasion Yaniewicz asked him how many hours a day he practised when a young man. His answer was, "Always. I never left off except when I was asleep." I think it was Molique that once observed, "If I leave off practice for one day I find it out, if for two the public find it out." The remark is very like something Paganini once said to my father in Italian, although for the last ten or fifteen years of his life, if he practised at all, it was only fragments of new variations.

Although he was known to be a remarkable reader of music, he generally altered whatever he undertook, and certainly he was accustomed to play over certain solo parts even at this period of his life.

* Dyce and Forster Collection, South Kensington.

Paganini was more pleased than offended by the wild stories told about him, for they cast a glamour around him and made him even more attractive. It was only when they alluded to his character (as, for instance, when they accused him of being imprisoned for theft), that he took the trouble to contradict such statements. On one occasion, after a long conversation about the excitement his performance on one string created, Yaniewicz said, "The English will be hum—bug—gød," and when he understood the meaning of the sentence, he repeated the word hum—bug—gød many times with evident pleasure. About his playing I have no occasion to add a word to what has already been written, but the opinion of an old artist like Yaniewicz—a pupil of Viotti and one who, then seventy years of age, had heard all the great players of the last half-century—is interesting. "His execution," he said, "has never been equalled, his passion and feeling never surpassed, and his playing, more particularly of his own music, is unlike anything ever heard before." Even at the present day the same opinion prevails amongst all those violinists who ever heard him; and those who never had that opportunity, judging from his published works, declare that many passages are too difficult to be executed by any modern player.

I had many opportunities of seeing the prostrate condition these performances left him in, and he always stipulated in his engagements that he would not play more than three times on one evening with an interval of not less than fifteen minutes between each performance.

Many stories have been told about Paganini's bursts of generosity, as for instance the gift of 20,000 francs he is said to have bestowed upon Berlioz, but I must state that although he played at several concerts both in Liverpool and Manchester, and was appealed to on many occasions, he never gave a shilling to any of the charities. I am sure it would have been mentioned if he had. His avarice was so conspicuous that few were ever brought into contact with him without noticing it; indeed, I can vouch for it as a fact that both my father and Yaniewicz paid for admission to his first concert, given at the Wellington Rooms, Mount Pleasant. He gave his secretary, Mr. Freeman, directions that no one was to be admitted free. It is but right to acknowledge that the violinist was much annoyed when he heard that they had paid for their places, but he never offered to return the money. As far as my father was concerned he was quite entitled to this privilege of hearing him free, as he had had all the trouble of the preliminary arrangements. Paganini was continually lamenting to my father (for whom he professed the warmest friendship) the manner in which he was robbed on all sides.

"You are a good linguist," he said on one occasion, "and can write and speak four languages; come with me and be my secretary—at least while I am in Great Britain. My travelling carriage is comfortable and roomy, and your companionship will do me good."

"Your travelling carriage may be large, but will it hold eight extra persons?" my father asked.

"Eight!" cried Paganini, in astonishment.

"I have a wife and six children and I should not like to part with them," was the answer, and so the proposal was never accepted.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

THE HYGIENE OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.*

The success of this volume is a foregone conclusion, for its author's name alone would vouch for its excellence and reliability. Two pleasant surprises are in store for those who know what sort of book to expect when they see a treatise on vocal culture. Such works are almost sure to be divided into two parts, one of which is absolutely useless; if the author is a medical authority, he is sure to give us his lucubrations on music as an appendix to the scientific body of his book, and if he is a musician, it is equally certain that we shall be treated to a great many long words used with a beautiful disregard of their scientific meaning. The first surprise

* The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs: A Practical Handbook for Singers and Speakers. By Morell Mackenzie, M.D., &c. Macmillan & Co.

in Dr. Morell Mackenzie's handbook is that he expressly repudiates any technical knowledge of music. The result of this is, as we might expect, that his remarks on music are for the most part equally correct and valuable, although no separate section of the book is devoted to them. The second surprise is that the book is written in a style calculated to entertain the general reader as well as to instruct the student of singing. The number of scientific books written with any degree of literary charm or skill is so very small that an addition to the list is most welcome.

Of late we have been hearing more than enough about the laryngoscope, an instrument which has proved a most fertile subject of dissension amongst teachers of singing. Mr. Mackenzie holds an intermediate position between the ardent supporters of the invention and its equally ardent opponents. He says, "I shall probably not be suspected of undervaluing the laryngoscope. In the hands of the physician it has undoubtedly been the means of saving thousands of lives, but in those of the singing-master I fear it is too likely to lead to the ruin of not a few voices. The most experienced teachers and professors of the art agree in condemning the frequent use of the laryngoscope in voice-training as not merely useless but pernicious." The limits of the singing-master's province in training the voice are carefully defined, and the importance of the physician's co-operation is explained. This portion of the little book is one of the most valuable to the student, who will be warned by it against placing too absolute a reliance upon any teacher whose methods of voice-production are not sanctioned by medical authority. We are not altogether inclined to agree in deprecating the teaching of children by means of classes rather than separately, though of course injury to particular voices may have been done in certain cases. Still it must be remembered that it is the only way in which vocal talent can be discovered among the less wealthy classes of society, and that it is from these classes that our English singers have almost exclusively come. Dr. Mackenzie deprecates especially the training given in cathedral choirs, and goes on to say that "Of the many thousands now living who have been trained in cathedral choirs during the last forty or fifty years, the names of Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Joseph Maas are alone conspicuous in the musical firmament. They are in the strictest sense, brilliant exceptions which prove the dismal rule." Seeing that the list of exceptions completes the number of great tenors recently (alas, for the adverb!) before the public, we cannot say that the proof strikes us as being particularly conclusive. If Dr. Morell Mackenzie will go to hear M. Dmitri Slaviansky's choir, he will, we think, be inclined to alter his opinion of the quality of the Russian *bassi profondi*. He will at all events not repeat in a second edition of his excellent book, the statement that their "deep growl" is "only to be heard in the Russian churches and the Great Carnivora House in the Zoological Gardens." Though we cannot endorse some of the author's opinions, we can confidently recommend the book to all singing students.

MR. CHARLES FOWLER'S SONATA TRIO.*

In a recent notice of a concert given by Mr. Fowler, the programme of which consisted exclusively of his own compositions, we expressed our regret that he should have seen fit to apply the term "Sonata" to works which bore so few traces of the established form connected with that name. Two movements from the "Sonata-trio" were then performed, and the whole work has since been sent for review. We are unable to modify our first impression of the work of this composer, after a careful perusal of the published composition. We said that the last two movements of the work would be very good if written simply as songs with violin obbligato, but that as movements of a sonata they were far from satisfactory. The same remark applies with almost equal justice to the first so-called movement. Its first part is indeed built upon two subjects, and the repeat occurs in orthodox form, but in the section which should contain the "working out" of the materials already set forth in the first part, there is no trace of these materials, but an entirely new set of phrases appears, and the subjects proper are lost sight of until the reprise when the

* Sonata-Trio for the Piano, Voice, and Violin by Charles Fowler. (Creuznach, Gebrüder Wolff).

opening is resumed and treated more in the manner of the *da capo* song than in that of the sonata, strictly so called. The passage-writing shews considerable skill, and an intimate knowledge of the works of Weber, whom the composer seems to have taken for his model. The slow movement, "O lull me, lull me, charming air," is by far the best section of the work, in spite of a not very happy setting of the words "Down let him lie, and slumbering die." The last and longest division of the three is the least successful, and is besides very difficult for the singer. The composer's power of melody, and his skill in writing passages, make it all the more to be regretted that he should conceive it to be his mission to introduce innovations into forms which have served the greatest musicians for the expressions of their thoughts. There is quite enough to be done on the old lines of form, and the later works of Brahms should be studied in order that the capacity of the established moulds may be realized.

Occasional Notes.

We propose to publish with our next issue the first of a series of "Musical World Portraits," which will consist of photographic likenesses of the leading composers and executives of the day, with short biographical sketches from the pen of the Editor attached to them. The subject of next week's portrait will be Madame Valleria as Margarida in *The Troubadour*.

Verdi and his wife have been staying at Milan, and on Wednesday last week, started for Montecatini for a holiday. The master is said to be in excellent health. In conversation with some members of the Scala orchestra, he expressed himself highly satisfied with the new diapason recently introduced in Italy. Taking leave, he parted from the musicians with a cordial *a rivederci*, alluding no doubt to the performance of his *Iago* which is to take place at the great Milan theatre early in the winter.

The *Gazetta Musicale*, from which the above particulars are derived, comments in another column upon a sentence which appeared in the *Times* notice of Signor Mancinelli's concert, and has reference to the comparatively low state of musical culture in Italy. Such sweeping judgments, our contemporary remarks, are too often called forth by what is done, not by Italians, but by foreign singers of all nations who appear in Italian opera, and massacre both the *lingua toscana* and the beauty of the Italian cantilena. This may be perfectly true; at the same time, how does the *Gazetta* account for the possibility of these miscellaneous strangers having gained a firm foothold on the Italian stage, to the exclusion of Italian singers? If Italy were still able to supply the world with great vocalists as she was a hundred years ago, the Danes, and the Swedes, and the Germans, and even the enterprising Yankees, would soon be left behind in the race.

Sir George Grove has supplemented his interesting revelations regarding the *Dream of St. Jerome* attributed to Beethoven, by the further statement that the *allegretto* which forms the second portion of the piece, is almost identical with the Welsh air, "Merch Megan," or "Megan's daughter," the original of which will be found in the Royal edition of "The Songs of Wales," edited by Brinley Richards.

Sir George adds, "It would be an interesting subject of enquiry, with which I will not now occupy your readers, why a fraud should be successful in music which in literature would be unmasked and denounced in a moment. Unfortunately, music seems peculiarly open to such deceptions, and they all appear to thrive. 'Weber's Last Waltz' (Reissiger), 'Mozart's Twelfth Mass' and Variations in A, 'Beethoven's

Adieu to the Piano,' Schubert's 'Adieu,' are all instances of prosperous impostures. The pretty tune of 'Those Evening Bells'—which by Moore himself, who first brought it into notice, is labelled 'Air, The Bells of St. Petersburg'—is now published with variations as 'By Beethoven.' But *The Dream of St. Jerome* is certainly the most barefaced and complete of all the list. The others were produced abroad; unhappily the last is the work of a native of the United Kingdom, and has its chief sale in this country."

An interesting controversy as to the question whether it is better for a composer to be a pianist or not is being carried on in *Le Progrès Artistique*. The consensus of opinion seems to be upon the whole in favour of the piano, and a formidable array of names, including Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Massenet, Rubinstein and Saint-Saëns, and curiously enough, omitting Liszt, is cited of musicians who were virtuosi on the piano before they became composers. It is further alleged that if Berlioz had lived in constant communion with the works of Bach and Mozart, his design would have gained in clearness and continuity.

Admitting all this, it must be borne in mind that the two greatest masters of the orchestra who ever lived, Berlioz and Wagner, were not only unable to play a scale on the piano, but treated that supplementary instrument with ill-disguised contempt. It is also quite certain that Schumann continued to think for the piano long after he had ceased to write for it exclusively, and that his full scores are mostly pianoforte pieces transferred to the orchestra. And what is true of Schumann, is to some extent equally true of Brahms and other less gifted disciples.

The question is really a much wider one than would appear at first sight, and is indeed only part of the *cause célèbre* of virtuoso *v.* creative artist, which may be traced through the entire history of music in all its branches. The virtuoso, whether on the piano or on any other instrument, is apt to think too much of that instrument and its peculiar effects. The composer, by the grace of the Muse, forgets any particular instrument, and merely thinks of his general design and the beauty and the passion thereof. To such a one, the mere effect of sound is only a means to an end. "Do you fancy that I think of your d—d fiddle when the Genius speaks to me," said Beethoven to Schuppanzigh on one occasion.

At a recent performance of *Elijah* by a certain suburban choir choral society, their conductor ordered that not merely the choral recitatives, but the solo recitatives as well, should be sung in strict time! It is said that a certain tomb in the Alte Dreifaltigkeits Kirchhof in Berlin, which has been undisturbed since 1847, was unaccountably upheaved as though by a momentary earthquake-shock about the same time; should the dates be found to correspond, no doubt will remain in any unprejudiced mind that the phenomenon was simply caused by Mendelssohn's turning in his grave at such a piece of pedantic Vandalism. Can the authority who is responsible for it be ignorant of the history and meaning of recitative, as well as wanting in the musical feeling which should guide him as to its performance? If it be so, can the traditions of less than forty years ago have so completely died out, that no orchestral player was found to protest, even at the risk of offending the conductor? We have no fears as to the following of this pernicious example, for the ridiculous effect of the proceeding will be enough to deter any less pedagogic musician from repeating the experiment.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—FRIVOLI, Hervé's New Comic Opera, English version by Hy. Beatty Kingston, this and every Evening at 8. Mr. Joseph Pierpoint, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. Robert Pateman, Mr. Victor Stevens, Mr. C. Forbes Drummond; Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Kate Munroe, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Amy Martin, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Marion Grahame, Miss Edith Vane, Miss Clara Graham. Chorus of 180. Band of 50. Big Ballets. New Scenery, Properties, Dresses, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening, *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*. Madame Albani, Madlle. Ella Russell, and Madame Scalchi.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.—This (Saturday) Evening.—Signori D'Andrade, Igenio Corsi, Carbone, Ughetti, and Mons. Maurel.

DON GIOVANNI, TUESDAY NEXT, July 6. Second and last time. Madlle. Elena Teodorini, Madame de Cepeda, Madlle. Giulia Valda; Signori Marini, Pinto, Carbone, Ricci, and Mons. Maurel.

SECOND and LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, July 10, at Two. A Popular Opera will be given. In active preparation, Hérôld's opera, *Zampa*, and Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Madame ADELINA PATTI.—Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his THIRD GRAND MORNING CONCERT (the last but one) will take place this (Saturday) AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock. Artists: Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Violin, Signor Albertini. Full Orchestra; Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins; Accompanist, Signor Bisaccia.

Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s. and 2s. (Boxes, 5 Guineas to 2 Guineas) may be obtained at the Royal Albert Hall, usual agents, and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. W. G. CUSINS has the honour to announce that he will give his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY NEXT, July 5, at three o'clock. Artists: Madame ALBANI, Madame Scalchi (by kind permission of Signor Lago), Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Del Puente, and Mr. Santley; violin, Signor Albertini (his second appearance in England); pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Full Orchestra. Conductors: Mr. W. Shakespeare and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Mr. W. G. Cusins has great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Kendal has kindly consented to recite on this occasion. Sofa stalls, one guinea; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; balcony (unreserved), 5s.; area, 3s.; gallery, 1s.; to be had at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 7, Nottingham Place, W.

MR. W. H. WING'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street, on SATURDAY, July 3, at Three o'clock. Vocalists: Miss Hamlin, Miss Morgan, Mr. W. H. Wing; Violin, Herr Gompertz; Viola, Herr Dolmetsch; Violoncello, M. Winterbottom; Pianoforte, Herr Richter. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s. each, to be obtained of Mr. Wing, at his residence, 38, Manchester Street, Manchester Square; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLETT & Co.'s, 68 & 70, Wardour Street, London, W. Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAL," London.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

RAMSDEN v. THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE.

THE fight which has been fought over, or at least in the presence of, Madame Patti, at the Westminster County Court, has naturally excited much attention in musical circles, and to

judge by the letter (one out of many we have received) which we publish in another column, the result has filled with dismay the bosoms of provincial concert agents, and others whom it may concern. We must own that the expression of that dismay in our correspondent's letter appears to us somewhat exaggerated. It is in the first instance difficult to see to what other decision the Judge could have come on the facts of the case. The sum of £500, charged by Madame Patti's agents, although certainly very large was not unusually so. Prime donne, like other people in this commercial age, sell their wares for what they will fetch, and if Madame Patti is able to obtain £500 for singing three songs, the natural inference is that those three songs are worth that money, plus a handsome profit to the person who engages her. Out of her fee, Madame Patti paid £50 to the Musical Exchange, and Mr. Vert, one of our leading and most respected concert-agents, stated in court that such was the usual commission chargeable upon engagements. There was, in fact, not a tittle of evidence to show that anything of the nature of fraud, or deceit, or damage had been perpetrated, and the judgment was accordingly given for the defendants.

Whether the commission charged of 10 per cent. up to £100, and of 5 per cent. beyond that figure is or is not excessive is a question which will be differently answered according to the point of view from which it is considered. Superficial persons will naturally be apt to look upon the agent as an excrescence of modern civilization, as one who reaps where he has not sown, who is paid for work done by others. The same terms are applied by Mr. Morris and the Socialists to the middlemen who stand between the consumer and the producer. According to them it is monstrous that a quart of milk for which the farmer receives, say, a penny, should cost fivepence at a shop. We advise these theoretical sages to do for once without the shopkeeper; that is, to take the train to Hertfordshire, drive or walk from the station to the field or shed where the cows are milked, purchase their modest quart and carry it home to the domestic tea-table, and after that count the cost and compare it with the fivepence they would have paid at the dairyman's round the corner.

And as with the dairyman and the grocer, so it is with the theatrical agent and concert agent. If an evil at all, he is a necessary one; things could not be carried on without him. He has his risk and his trouble, and, very naturally, wants to be paid for both, although frequently enough he may overrate the value of his labours, there being, amongst that class as amongst all classes, good and bad specimens, or, to return to our milky simile—black cows, white cows, and speckled cows. If a "provincial impresario" will take our advice, let him not forswear the agent in his wrath, but let him apply to Mr. Vert or Mr. Marriott or any other well-established firm in London, unless he should prefer to consult our list of professional cards. But let him understand that the terms which he offers are inclusive of the agent's fee, and let him make his proposal accordingly. If the case of Ramsden v. The Musical Exchange should serve to emphasize the necessity of such a clear understanding, the money spent on it will not have been spent altogether in vain.

Correspondence.

RAMSDEN v. THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The decision of Judge Bayley in the above case is in my opinion the most mischievous ever given, and if Mr. Ramsden will carry the matter to a higher court, I shall be glad to contribute a £10 note towards his expenses. According to his lordship's opinion it seems to be the law that an agent may charge a fancy price for his services and that that price is to be paid, not by the person to whom those services are rendered, viz., the artist, but by the person who engages that artist. Considering the ruinous figure which we have to pay to vocalists and instrumentalists of reputation, this last straw will be sufficient to break the camel's back, and I, for one, shall soon cease to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

A PROVINCIAL IMPRESARIO.

CONCERT HOURS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Will you allow me to draw your attention to a drawback which seems inseparable from London concerts, and which, I am convinced, is the cause of the scanty attendances to be observed at so many of the less important musical entertainments?

In those foreign countries with which I am acquainted, the time for beginning the evening's amusement is fixed to suit the habits of the general public; from an hour to an hour and a half is usually allowed to elapse between the ordinary dinner time and the opening of a concert. Where some event of extraordinary interest is promised, as for instance, an opera of unusual length, the interval is sometimes reduced to half an hour. In London alone does the hour for beginning concerts coincide with the dinner hour. Can it be that the English *entrepreneurs* are actually unaware that people dine at eight o'clock? Yet it is an undoubted fact that the great majority of concerts do begin at this hour, and that the great majority of concert-goers have to anticipate their ordinary dinner time by at least an hour. Take, as an example, the Richter concerts, which are admirable in nearly every respect, especially in that of length. Two hours is exactly the right time for a concert to last, but who wants to be turned into the street at ten o'clock? It is at least half an hour too soon for evening parties or balls, and the theatres are just too far advanced in their programmes to make it worth while to go in for an hour; the male part of the audience is confronted with the two alternatives of bed and the club, while for the fair sex, except, indeed, for those who are "emancipated," no choice is possible. The theatrical managers seem to have agreed upon eleven as the proper time for the conclusion of the evening's amusement; is there no chance of Herr Richter's managers taking a hint from them, and beginning at nine, or even at half-past eight? In the winter no one minds dining at such a time as to be at the popular concert at eight; but in the season it is rather hard to have to begin dinner just at the pleasantest moment of the summer day, and I am quite sure that though it might not be possible to improve upon the actual receipts of the Richter concerts if they began later, yet the subscribers' seats would be more regularly filled than they are at present. Where, as in this case, the success of the concerts is a foregone conclusion, the change of time would perhaps not be accompanied by an increase in the money taken; and it is certain that if the Richter concerts began at eight in the morning instead of eight in the evening, St. James's Hall would be full at that hour. But smaller ventures might well take a hint, and try to suit the convenience of their patrons by postponing their commencement until a reasonable time after the sacred hour of dinner. It is the opinion of several astute persons that the great success achieved in recent years by certain three-act farces was

due quite as much to the fact that they began at nine o'clock as to their intrinsic merit. I do not mean to assert that a dull play beginning at a late hour will be more successful than a good play that begins at a quarter to eight, because the moment it becomes a matter of necessity for every one to see a certain piece, the dinner-hour counts for nothing in comparison with the weighty duty. But *ceteris paribus*, a play that begins at nine is found to have a greater chance of success than one that begins at eight, and I do not see why the same rule should not hold good in the matter of concerts. For my own part, I honestly confess that after a hard day's work, even the prospect of the "Anacreon" overture, the prelude to the *Meistersinger*, or "Leonore, No. III," seems, when coupled with the notion of a premature meal, less attractive than a comfortable dinner at the proper time with space for digestion after it.

Might it not be possible, too, that people would be more willing to go to afternoon concerts if they were not arranged so as to begin exactly at the laziest moment of the whole day? At present only ladies and comparatively idle men can go to such concerts at all, but if they were to begin at five instead of three I cannot help thinking that a great many more people would habitually attend them. Of course oratorio concerts of all kinds could not well modify their present rule; they now end at eleven, and therefore must begin at eight or even before. The same thing applies also to the Philharmonic concerts, whose patrons may be regarded as the musical counterparts of aldermen, so great is their capacity for music. The concerts are three hours long as it is, and no change could well take place, except indeed that change for which it is in vain to hope, namely, the abbreviation of the programmes.

The experiment of beginning at a convenient hour has actually been tried by one of our leading choral societies, who, a few weeks ago, gave a private performance at five o'clock. It lasted only an hour and a half, and as far as my own experience goes, I can only say that I never enjoyed music more thoroughly. Everybody was so wide awake, and the male sex was so well represented, that it did not seem like an afternoon concert at all.

Concert-givers should remember that the hours they still adhere to were instituted at a time when luncheon began at one, and dinner at seven. Three was then the middle of the afternoon, and eight o'clock was within an appreciable distance of bedtime. Times change, especially meal-times. Let *entrepreneurs* lay to heart the latter part of the proverb in the opening words of which I beg to subscribe myself, with an apology for the long intrusion upon your space,

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

"EMOTIONAL PORTAMENTO."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—It is so rarely that people are blamed for doing things with more than necessary intelligence, that perhaps a woman, after careful perusal of your article on "Linsey-Woolsey Sopranos," might lay the flattering unction to her soul, and rest content therewith. But the accusation of a tendency to *portamento* is one that cannot be passed without protest from one of those implicated. I may be supposed to be an ordinary emotional woman amongst my kind, and I cannot acknowledge that vivid emotions or a keen sense of harmony could mislead anyone into swooping about for a given interval. No, sir, such malpractices can arise only from ignorance in the art of singing, or from what comes to the same thing, the use of a mistaken method. The trick in question is no more a test of knowledge of harmonic relations than the crawling along a road from one point to another would be the sign of a good geographical knowledge. As for the difference between the singing of boys and of women, my opinion is that the boys have all the advantage of the *timbre*, and all the disadvantage of their reading only with reference to an actual pitch—irrespective of the chords and keys which are well instilled into the female ear by the habit of "picking out the notes" for the *accompagnement* as well as for the song—on that much abused instrument, the piano.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A GO-AHEAD SOPRANO.

"Musical World" Stories.

THE WEDDING MARCH.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

(Translated by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.)

(Continued from page 411.)

A girl grew up there with whom Endrid had been on friendly terms since her childhood. He had, probably, in his quiet way, long felt attracted by her, for she was scarcely six months confirmed before he made her a proposal of marriage. She was at that time seventeen, and he one-and-thirty. Randi—for this was her name—could not at first make up her mind what answer she should make him. She sought counsel with her parents, but they left her decision entirely to herself. They thought him a straightforward, honest man, and as regarded means, the best match that she could possibly make. The difference in age was certainly great, and she only could decide whether, young as she was, she felt sufficient courage to take the lead at the great farm, and to accustom herself to what would be practically new surroundings.

She could see plainly enough that her parents did not care whether she said yes or no, but she really did not know her own mind.

Then she betook herself to his mother, whom she had always liked. She imagined that Astrid must know all about it, but found, to her astonishment, that she had been left in total ignorance.

Endrid's mother was so delighted that she pressed her strongly to say yes.

"I will help you," she said. "Father will not require any share. He has enough for himself, and he does not wish his children to desire his death. Everything will be divided, and the little that we shall require will be divided after we are dead. So you see that no unpleasantness need arise on our account."

Yes, Randi knew that Astrid and Knut were good and sensible people.

"And Endrid," continued Astrid, "is so wise, and understands everything so well."

This Randi herself knew. She was not afraid of ever becoming dissatisfied with him—if she could only hope to do half as well herself.

A few days later all was settled. If Endrid was overjoyed, his parents were not less so, for it was a family held in high respect, and the girl was so pretty and sensible that in these particulars there was not a better match to be had in the whole district.

The old people all arranged together that the marriage should take place in the autumn, for there was no reason why it should be further postponed.

The news was not received in the neighbourhood with the same favour as by the interested parties.

People said that the young and beautiful girl had "sold herself." She was so young that she hardly knew what marriage was, and the wily Knut had spurred on his son to woo her before other people had regarded her as marriageable.

Some of these whispers reached the girl's ears, but Endrid was so loving, and in such a quiet, almost humble way, that she did not want to break off the engagement, although she had become decidedly cooler.

Both her and his parents were aware of the general verdict, but they made as if it had never reached their ears.

The wedding was to be celebrated in grand style, perhaps in defiance of the spiteful tittle-tattle, and, for the same reason this was not unwelcome to Randi.

All Knut's bosom friends, including the pastor and the burgo-master with their large families, were invited, and were to join the procession to church.

For this reason, Knut had not wished for musicians—they were too old-fashioned and rustic. But Astrid had insisted that the "Wedding March" should accompany them to the church, and home again. They had felt too happy themselves in its strains not to wish for a repetition of them on the wedding day of their dear children.

Knut did not trouble his head about sentiment, and that sort of thing, but he let his wife have her wish.

The bride's parents got a hint that they should provide the musicians, and that the old march, which had lain idle for a tolerably long time—the present generation having worked in silence and without song—was now desired.

The wedding-day was unfortunately ushered in by a heavy down-pour of rain. The musicians were obliged to hide their fiddles as soon as they had played at the farm, and they did not take them out again until they were within earshot of the church bells. Then somebody had to stand behind them in the cart, holding an umbrella over them, and under this they sat huddled together and fiddled away.

The march naturally did not sound very enlivening in such weather, and the bridal procession which followed looked anything but cheerful.

The bridegroom sat there with his hat between his knees, and a sou'wester on his head. He wore a great fur overcoat, and held an umbrella over the bride, who, from the number of wraps enveloping her—to protect the wedding-wreath and other bridal fineries—looked more like a bundle of wet hay than a human being.

So they came along, cart after cart; the men dripping, the women completely hidden under a mountain of wraps. It looked like a sort of enchanted procession, in which one could see no single familiar face, but only a heap of crouching, huddled-together bundles of wool or skins.

The very numerous crowd which had gathered together to see this wonderful wedding procession, at first laughed softly and unwillingly; but the laughter grew louder and louder as each cart passed. Near the great house, where everyone was to alight to get their wedding-clothes into something like order, stood a pedlar—a humorous fellow enough, Aslak by name—on the top of a hay cart which had been pushed into a corner near the balcony. As the bride was being lifted from the carriage he cried:—

"No, the devil take me if the "Wedding March" gives Ole Haugen a ha'porth of joy *this* day!"

The people laughed—most of them surreptitiously; but everybody knew all the more what was in all their thoughts, and what they tried to hide.

When they had removed the wraps from the bride, they found that she was ashen-white. She wept, and then tried to smile, and then wept again. And then all at once it came into her head that she did not wish to enter the church.

During the excitement which now arose, they had to lay her upon a bed in an adjoining room, when she broke into such a storm of passionate sobbing that everyone began to grow seriously anxious about her. Her worthy parents stood beside her, and when she implored them to spare her the going to church, they replied that she must do what seemed best to her.

Then she saw Endrid. Never had she seen anyone so unhappy, so helplessly despairing. If her desire was carried out, his whole future was destroyed.

Beside him stood his mother; she said nothing, and her face was unmoved, but tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and she never moved her eyes from Randi. Then Randi raised herself on her elbow, and gazed blankly before her, while she was still shaken by sobs.

"Oh, no," she said at last, "I will go to the church."

And she threw herself back once more on the bed, and wept bitterly for a short time longer. Then she got up. Later, she said she did not wish for any music, and this was arranged accordingly, but the dismissed musicians did not make the affair any better when they came amongst the people.

It was a woeful procession which filed into the church. The rain certainly was an excuse that the bride and bridegroom should hide their faces from the curiosity of the crowd until they reached the porch. But they knew that they ran the gauntlet of critical and inquisitive eyes, and they were also well aware that their own bridal following were impatient at finding themselves forming part of so paltry a show.

The celebrated Ole Haugen's grave was just near the church door. By tacit agreement it was always kept in order. One of his descendants had erected a new cross, when the old one crumbled away, which had the form of a wheel above. So Ole had ordered himself. The grave was in a sunny nook, and was almost covered by a profusion of wild flowers.

Every church-goer who had ever stood at this grave, knew that the man employed by government to collect flowers and plants from the neighbouring valleys and mountains, found flowers on this grave, for which he might have looked in vain for miles around. This was a source of superstitious joy and pride to the peasants in what they had hitherto regarded as useless "weeds." Several of these flowers were of extraordinary beauty, and almost inspired them with dread.

As the bridal procession passed the grave, Endrid, who held Randi's hand, felt her shudder and tremble. It seemed to her as if Ole Haugen had risen to-day out of his grave and his spirit was walking the earth.

Soon afterwards she again commenced to weep, and weeping entered the church, and still weeping was conducted to her place.

Never in mortal memory had a bride entered the church in such a fashion. She felt while she was sitting there that she was herself confirming the report that she had been "sold." The terrible shame which this implied for her parents enabled her to assume more composure, and assisted her to force back her tears.

But before the altar some expression of the clergyman's again raised the storm, and all that she had suffered on this day was recalled to her with overwhelming force.

At one moment she felt as if she could never dare to look people in the face again—and least of all her parents.

And so it went on during the days that followed, and it is only necessary to remark here that during the dinner she could not join the party nor sit at the table. When by prayers and entreaties she was at last persuaded to join the supper-party in the evening, she depressed the whole company, and had to be put to bed.

The marriage festivities, which should have lasted several days, came to an end with the first evening.

"The bride is ill," they said.

Although no one who heard or said this believed it, yet it was all too true. She was ill, and was never well again.

And the consequence was that her first child was sickly. The parents' love for it was naturally no less in degree from their conviction that they were mutually, in a measure, the cause of its weakness.

They had no other interest than this child. They did not go to church—they seemed to have grown afraid of the world.

Their happiness lasted for two years, then God took it away from them. The first thought of which they were capable after this blow was, that they had loved their child too dearly; therefore they had lost it. When later, another came, it was almost as if no one dared to let their hearts go out to it.

But the child, which at first also seemed sickly, grew stronger and much livelier than the first one, so that it became quite irresistible to them. They could once more dare to enjoy pure happiness. They could forget all that happened when the child was with them.

When it was two years old, God took it to Himself.

Certain people seem especially chosen for the discipline of suffering, and they are always those who, to us, appear to least need it. But they are also those who can bring the truest proofs of faith and self-denial.

These two people had early sought God together. From this time He was their sole mutual resource.

Life at Tingvold had been very quiet for a long time; it was now exactly like a church just before the clergyman enters.

The work went on in undisturbed round, but between working times the two always shared a moment of retrospect, in which they recalled their lost children.

It did not make any difference when Randi, shortly after the last loss, gave birth to a daughter.

Her two dead children were boys, and, from this reason, a girl was less welcome to them. They did not know, moreover, whether they would be permitted to keep it.

But the health and happiness enjoyed by the mother shortly before the death of the last boy told in this child's favour. It soon gave proofs of being an extraordinarily lively girl, with the beautiful face of the mother in bud.

Again the united couple were tempted to build their hopes upon the child, but the fateful second year had not yet passed, and even when it had gone by it seemed to them as if they had only received a reprieve; they no longer dared to hope.

The two old people had held themselves quite apart. The grief of the young couple could not be assuaged by outside consolation or sympathy. Besides, Knut was too worldly and lively to sit long in a house of mourning, or to deliver himself up regularly to devotional exercises.

He therefore migrated to another of his farms, which he had hitherto let. This he now took over himself, and arranged everything so capitably for his dear Astrid that, although she would have preferred living at Tingvold, she remained where he was, and laughed with him instead of crying with her children.

One day, Astrid was on a visit with her daughter-in-law. She saw little Mildrid, and she observed how completely the child was left to herself—the mother hardly daring to touch her. And when the father came home, she noticed the same sad reserve towards his own, only child.

She did not speak her thoughts then, but when she went home to her dear Knut she thoroughly explained to him how badly things were going on at Tingvold. There was now her place. Little Mildrid *must* have someone who dared to be joyful for and with her—there was something so refined and beautiful about the child.

Knut allowed himself to be persuaded by her zeal, and the two old people packed up and returned to Tingvold. So Mildrid got her grandparents, and the old folks taught the parents how they should love their children.

But when Mildrid was five years old there came another daughter, whom they called Beret, and the consequence was that Mildrid was always the old people's child, and preferred to be with them.

For the first time, Endrid and Randi dared to have hopes of life. The altered tone of their surroundings contributed not a little to this.

After the loss of their second child, people always saw that they had wept—never that they were weeping. Their grief was still.

The quiet, God-fearing life at Tingvold had attached the servants to the farm, and nothing but praise of their employers came from their mouths.

Relations, as well as friends, began to visit them, and continued doing so, even when the people at Tingvold made no return visits. But they had not been inside the church since their wedding-day: they received communion at home, and held their own devotional services.

But when the second girl came, they themselves wished to be the godparents, and they ventured to go to church for the first time.

They visited together the graves of their children, and passed Ole Haugen's grave silently and without emotion, and the whole parish paid them honour.

They continued to live quietly for each other, and a pious peace reigned over their house.

One day little Mildrid was with her grandmother, and sang the "Wedding March." Startled in the highest degree, old Astrid interrupted her work to ask the child where in the world she had heard it.

The child replied that she had heard it from her.

Old Knut, who was in the room, burst into a loud laugh, for he knew that Astrid had a habit of humming the family March to herself when she was sitting quietly at work.

But now they both told the little girl that she must never sing it in her parents' hearing.

A child likes to ask "Why?" but Mildrid received no answer to her questions.

One evening she heard the new cow-boy singing the March as he was splitting wood. And she told her grandmother, who had also heard it, but she only answered, "O, *he* won't be very long here!"

And the very next day he received his dismissal. No reason was given to him, but he got his wages and had to go.

Mildrid became so curious that the grandmother was obliged to make an effort to try and explain the history of the "Wedding March" to her.

The little eight-years-old took it all in, and what she did not then quite comprehend, became later quite clear to her.

The March made an indelible impression on her childhood, which nothing could efface. It was the basis of her relation to her father and mother.

Children begin wonderfully early to surmise, and possess a warm, instinctive compassion with anyone who is not happy.

Mildrid felt that she must be quiet when she was with her parents. It was not difficult for her to obey in this matter, for they were so gentle with her, and spoke so unceasingly of the children's Friend in heaven, that a halo of enchantment seemed to fill the room.

The history of the "Wedding March" taught her a compassionate comprehension of what her parents had suffered. She ignored all the painful memories, and laid a self-contained, reserved, but warm love beside those which she might share with them—and these were her faith, her truth, her sweetness, and her industry.

By degrees, as Beret grew up, she learnt to do the same, for the teacher's vocation is already awake in the child.

The life and youth, which dared not manifest itself with the parents, found full vent with the grandparents. There they sang, and danced, and played, and told fairy stories.

And so the time of the two growing sisters was divided between tender love for their pensive parents, and merry life with their grandparents.

But it was divided with so much loving feeling that it was always Endrid and Randi who begged them to go to the old people to live with them up, and Knut and Astrid who insisted upon their returning in good time, and exhorted them to be "good, steady girls."

When a girl between twelve and sixteen reposes her whole confidence in a sister between seven and eleven, she receives in return a great compensating gift. The only disadvantage is, that the younger nature becomes too early mature.

Mildrid, however, reaped incalculable advantage thereby, inasmuch as she became foreseeing, thoughtful, sympathetic, and could administer consolation, thus secretly rejoicing the hearts of her parents and grandparents.

There is no more to tell until Mildrid entered her fifteenth year, when old Knut died, a quick and easy death. There was no painful struggle—he was sitting joking and laughing at one moment, and the next was carried out a corpse.

(To be continued.)

Opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The strength of the Italian company at Covent Garden has been materially increased by the arrival of M. Maurel, the French baritone, who is an intelligent and experienced artist, and gave an additional interest to the performance of *Il Ballo in Maschera* on Saturday evening, the part of Renato being invested by him with as much dramatic vitality as it can well bear. The first appearance of M. Maurel on Thursday coincided with the revival of *Don Giovanni*, a great and immortal masterpiece which came as a relief after the inanities and conventionalisms of *Linda*, *Lucia*, and the like. M. Maurel enacts the Don in French rather than in Spanish fashion. He is lively, graceful and *spirituel*, and whatever aristocratic *grandezza* his birth may have given him has evidently been cast off in the course of his adventures with the ladies of various degrees enshrined in Leporello's list. Whether his conception of the character conforms more closely to Molière's *Festin de Pierre* or to Da Ponte's libretto is a question that might be argued; certain it is that M. Maurel sings the music of Mozart in good style. The serenade more especially was an excellent piece of vocalization and would have been even more impressive had it not been exclusively addressed to the audience instead of to the damsel in the balcony, who, indeed, after some time seemed to grow tired of standing there unnoticed, and, shutting the window, very sensibly walked away. It will be seen that M. Maurel, albeit an intelligent actor, does in Italian opera as the Italians do. Of the remainder of the cast it is impossible to speak in favourable terms. Madame de Cepeda sang Donna Anna with great vigour but little charm, and Mdlle. Valda's voice was overstrained by the music assigned to Donna Elvira. Mdlle. Teodorini, being what is techni-

cally called a dramatic soprano, was out of place as Zerlina, and neither of her airs produced much effect. The less said of Signor Marini's Don Ottavio the better. Signor Pinto's humour in the character of Leporello was a little elephantine, but upon the whole he acquitted himself better than on previous occasions. Signor Carboni, a new singer, confirmed, as Masetto, the favourable impression he had made as Il Marchese in *Linda* on the previous Tuesday. The chorus sang in better tune than might have been expected, after the fatigues of the season, and the artists already named showed to more advantage in the *ensembles* than in the airs assigned to them separately. Signor Bevnignani conducted. Among the announcements of impending revivals that of *Lohengrin* will be received with mixed feelings of interest and apprehension. A company containing such artists as Madame Albani, Signor Gayarré, and M. Maurel should be quite competent to supply the three principal characters, and a representative of Ortruda might be found in either Madame de Cepeda or Mdlle. Teodorini. Unfortunately, Wagner's operas must be acted as well as sung, and not only by the principals, but also by the chorus.

FRIVOLI.

The production on Tuesday night of *Frivoli*, a new *opéra bouffe* by M. Hervé, was worthy of the high reputation for scenic splendour and intelligent stage management which Mr. Augustus Harris has established. Very rarely, even in the annual pantomime at Drury Lane, has a more gorgeous spectacle been presented than that of the fancy-dress ball in the third act of this play, where vast and picturesque crowds are marshalled with consummate skill on a stage made beautiful by the view of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius. The success which is likely to attend *Frivoli* may indeed in large measure be attributed to the *mise-en-scène* and the two elaborate ballets arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, who, formerly one of the most graceful dancers of her time, is unrivalled for novelty and ingeniousness of choreographic design. The plot of the libretto, which has been translated by Mr. Beatty Kingston into fluent English from the French of an unnamed author, may be disposed of in a few words. The routine of stage representation is in no form of the drama more firmly established and less varied than in the *opéra bouffe*. To know one of these librettos is to know the principle of all. The dashing young lover generally impersonated by an actress; the comic old gentleman, sometimes a general, sometimes a courtier, whom he deprives of the affection of the loveliest of young ladies; the crowds of female supers in various stages of undress—all these, or similar things, have wandered from Offenbach's witty burlesques into innumerable productions of the same class, and have become as inevitable as were Arlequin and Columbine and Pierrot in the *commedia dell'arte* of the last century. A very common incident of the action is mistaken identity, and of this ample use is made in *Frivoli*. The wandering minstrel of that name resembles a Neapolitan noble, the Marquis of Piombino, to such a degree that the marchioness herself mistakes him for her husband. He in his turn mistakes the balcony on which he is bidden to throw a *billet doux* by his master, the Chevalier de Ligny, and in that manner another set of misunderstandings is set going. How these various entanglements are solved by the final discovery that *Frivoli* is the long-lost offspring of a great noble, and how he carries off the beautiful heroine, those familiar with this kind of entertainment need not be told. Neither is it in the least necessary to add that the action is eked out by endless dialogue, which should be immediately reduced to half its length, and that topical songs relating to the shortcomings of the police and similar matters are introduced regardless of rhyme or reason. The composer of *opéra bouffe* is as much bound by the iron chains of custom as is the librettist, and M. Hervé, knowing all the ins and outs of the *genre* is fully equal to the occasion. His score abounds with songs topical, humorous, and sentimental, most of which are couched in dance-rhythm, and all of which are of the popular kind, and may be whistled or hummed or sung without difficulty after a single hearing. One of the most sentimental of these tunes is curiously enough inspired by the "delectable perfume of rich and ruddy ham that's broiling on the fire." In the matter of concerted music M. Hervé has taken things easy, and none of the finales is very elaborate. There is, however, a well-written quartet in the

second act, and in the third a duet between Frivoli and the Marchioness of Piombino, which, although not very remarkable, is at any rate better than the love duet in the first. By far the best portion of the score is that which accompanies the ballet. It must indeed go hard with a French composer if he fails to write pretty dance music. No wonder in the circumstances that the enthusiasm of the well-filled house rose to the highest pitch after the two incidental *divertissements*, and led to a repeated call for Madame Katti Lanner. The cast, which includes a number of performers, should be divided into two portions—the singers and those who perform the “low comedy” business. Among the former Madame Rose Hersee, as Frivoli, should be mentioned first. Although a clever actress, she lacks the dash and boldness pertaining to *opéra bouffe* proper. In that respect, Miss Munroe, who is to the manner born, is her superior. On the other hand, Madame Hersee is a refined vocalist more than capable of grappling with the difficulties of this music. Mr. Pierpont, who enacts the principal tenor and hero, cannot be commended for his vocal method; but Mr. S. W. Gilbert, to whose share the very small part of the captain of the guard has fallen, developed to the surprise of everyone a very charming tenor voice, of which one would have liked to hear a little more. Miss Marie Tempest, as Rosella, also sang with taste. In the second group above named the leading place was occupied by Mr. Harry Nichols, who derived no end of more or less irrelevant fun from the character of an old Italian duke. The work was favourably received, and at the end the composer, Mr. Harris, and the principal performers were summoned before the curtain.—*The Times*.

Concerts.

RICHTER CONCERT.

On Monday, June 28, the ninth and last concert of the present season attracted a large audience to St. James's Hall, most of whom must have been appreciative admirers of Beethoven's Mass in D, as the programme consisted of this work alone. In spite of this, there was no great enthusiasm shown over the first number, owing perhaps to the general feeling against public applause of sacred pieces, but as the performance proceeded, no such scruple appeared to stand in the way of warm and frequent demonstrations of approval. The fine swing of the Gloria in excelsis, and the flowing strains of the Benedictus were indeed well worthy of such. When the immense difficulties of the music are taken into account, it is a matter of congratulation that the soloists, band, and chorus acquitted themselves with but one or two slight mistakes. In Miss Marriott, we possess a singer who not only has the voice, but also the musical knowledge necessary for the arduous task to which Beethoven has condemned the solo soprano. The other solo parts were taken by Miss Lena Little (whose name is associated only with high-class music), Mr. Winch and Mr. Henschel, who in very different ways are of the few singers who can be relied upon for the intellectual labour that a really great work demands. Amongst the exquisite passages for the solo instruments, with which the score abounds, the violin obbligato in the Benedictus, well played Mr. Schiever, should be mentioned. The chief obstacle to a perfect performance of the *Missa Solemnis* lies in the chorus, for which the composer has gathered together all the difficulties that can be imagined. It is due to the Richter chorus and to the supplementary Novello and Leeds chorus singers, to say that their share of the work was gone through in a way which gave evidence of careful rehearsal. The members showed their appreciation of the training which they had received, by repeated calls for Mr. Frantzen, who was finally led on to the platform by Dr. Richter. For the great conductor himself the ovation was as hearty and prolonged as ever.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

This choir gave an excellent concert on Wednesday afternoon. After some delay in beginning, the organ gave out the Russian National Anthem, which the choir sang. The appearance among the audience of members of the Russian Choir attracted great attention; they stood up during the anthem, and the rest of the audience fol-

lowed suit, but not very spontaneously. The choir keep up their reputation under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, and in the madrigal, “O, let me play the fool” (by their conductor), they displayed all their greatest merits of precision and intonation. The novelties were “Rove not to the Rhine,” conducted by the composer, Mr. J. C. Ward, who has evidently full confidence in the capability of the choir for rendering difficult music; and Berthold Tours's “All is peace,” a melodious part-song which did not falsify its title, for it was given with great expression *sotto voce* by the choir. The intonation of the soprani in this piece was a little doubtful. The part-song, “It was a lover and his lass,” by Mr. Josiah Booth, was very well sung under his *bâton*. The soloists were Madame Albani, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley, and M. de Pachmann. The duet of the prima donna with Mr. Edward Lloyd from Gounod's *Romeo e Julietta* was amongst the most attractive of the fragmentary pieces, although the air from the *Spectre's Bride*, “Where art thou, father dear,” and “Let the bright seraphim,” with Mr. McGrath's trumpet obbligato, gave great pleasure, the latter being in part repeated in response to the applause. Mr. Santley's song from Purcell's *Don Quixote* was an interesting item in the programme. M. de Pachmann gave a very clear and brilliant reading of Raff's “Giga con Variasioni.”

MR. GANZ'S EVENING CONCERT.

The most serious item of Mr. Ganz's programme of Friday last week was the Beethoven Trio in D major, which worthily opened the concert, and was well played by Mr. Ganz, Mdlle. Anna Lang, and Mons. Libotton. Miss Georgina Ganz contributed, *inter alia*, Grieg's beautiful “Solvejgs Lied;” her voice is not a powerful one, but it is sweet and sympathetic. Miss Agnes Janson is an admirable singer and will be thought a great acquisition at our concerts; she was most warmly applauded in another of Grieg's songs, which she sang in the original language. One of the chief successes of the evening fell to the share of Miss Dorothy Dickson, a pupil of Mr. Ganz's Academy, who sang Godard's “Chanson de Florian” in admirable taste and was applauded to the echo. Signor Adelmant gave excellent specimens of Italian vocalization in Mozart's “Non più andrai,” and Rossini's “Largo al Factotum.” Miss Flinn sang Mr. Ganz's “Dear Bird of Winter” with the agility of voice which the song requires.

MADAME SZARVADY'S RECITAL.

The full attendance at this drawing-room concert on Tuesday afternoon, testified to the great interest felt in the artist who was formerly so well known as Wilhelmina Clauss. The programme began with Beethoven's “Moonlight Sonata,” followed by short pieces by Bach, Mozart, Scarlatti, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann's “Carnaval.” The high poetic qualities of the pianist were especially apparent in the last-named piece, and Schumann's Study for Pedal Piano also gave her an opportunity for displaying her extraordinary power and technique, after which the Mendelssohn Scherzo seemed a marvel of lightness and delicacy. In the first part of the programme, Madame Szarvady's playing of the Gigue by Mozart was, perhaps, the most enjoyable. It is hoped that the warm welcome accorded to this gifted pianist will be a foretaste of the success she is likely to meet with in this country if she should appear before a larger audience.

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Angel's Call, The	...	George Staker	...	Music Pub. Co.
Edward! Edward!	...	F. Corder	...	Chester
Golden Youth	...	Ernest Lake	...	Music Pub. Co.
I dinna ken your meaning, Sir	...	W. H. Hodgson	...	Klein
If I were a Queen	...	Mrs. Sheffield Neave	...	Music Pub. Co.
In after years	...	Churchill Sibley	...	Ambros
King of my Heart	...	A. A. Home	...	Chester
Love gone by, The	...	Henri Logé	...	Ascherberg
Sadly I wait	...	E. Parsons	...	Klein
Two Hearts	...	Churchill Sibley	...	Ambros

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Danse Espagnole	...	G. F. Vincent	...	Music Pub. Co.
Elegy	...	Edwin M. Flavell	...	Klein
Forest of Arden, The.	Intermezzo and			
Tantara, Pianoforte duet	...	H. Gadsby	...	Novello
Guards' Parade March, The	...	F. Croft	...	White
Madeline Gavotte	...	Charles Hoby	...	Ascherberg
Marche Hilarité	...	F. Croft	...	White
May Dew, Morceau de Salon	...	Enos Andrew	...	Klein
On the March	...	F. Croft	...	Tree
Our Queen, March	...	Georg Asch	...	Ascherberg
Perpetuum mobile	...	Michael Watson	...	Ascherberg
Songs without words, Three	...	M. Bourne	...	"
Victoria Mazurka	...	F. Croft	...	White
Warrior's March, The	...	"	...	Cramer

DANCE MUSIC.

Belgravia Waltz	...	Henry Klein	...	Klein
Ellen Terry Waltz	...	Alfred C. Harmsworth	...	"
Fascination Polka	...	J. W. Leith	...	Music Publishing Co.
May Bells Polka	...	Enos Andrew	...	Klein
Midnight Waltz	...	C. J. Jung	...	Music Publishing Co.
That's you Polka	...	Reginald Foy	...	Pitman

CONCERTED MUSIC.

Idle Moments Schottische.	Septet or Full			
Orchestra	...	Leonard Gautier	...	Pitman
On the Thames Polka.	Septet or Full			
Orchestra	...	"	...	"
Penny Reading Quintet Journal, The	...	"	...	"
No. 1.—Costa's Eulalie Gavotte.	No. 2.—Only a			
Pansy Blossom Waltz.	No. 3.—W. F. Taylor's			
Grand March.	No. 4.—C. Hause's Bluetie in C.			
Snow Storm Galop.	Septet or Full Or-			
chestra	...	Leonard Gautier	...	"

VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, PART SONGS, &c.

Ancient Plain Song of the Athanasian				
Creed	...	J. Stainer	...	Novello
Communion Service in C	...	King Hall	...	"
Earth with its troubled voices.	Four-			
Part Song	...	Sir M. Costa	...	"
Hymn Tunes, Six	...	Alan Gray	...	Music Publishing Co.
Litany and Final Amens	...	A. Gunner	...	Novello
Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in F	...	E. C. Gregory	...	"
Nicene Creed	...	Alan Gray	...	Music Publishing Co.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, July 3.—10 a.m.: Service (Cummings), in D; Anthem, "The sacrifice of God," No. 451 (Psalm li. 17), Horsley. 3 p.m.: Service (Distin), in C; Anthem, "Blessing and Glory," No. 119 (Rev. vii. 12), Bach.

SUNDAY, July (Second Sunday after Trinity).—10 a.m.: Service (Garrett), in E throughout; Hymn after 3rd collect. 3 p.m.: Service (Barnby), in E; Anthem, "The Lord is very great," No. 260 (Ecclus. xliii. 29), Beckwith; Hymn after 3rd collect. 7 p.m.: Service in the Nave.

Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).

P.M.

Mr. Charles Hallé's Chamber Music ConcertPrinces' Hall...	3
Mr. Ambrose Austin's Patti ConcertAlbert Hall...	3
Mr. W. H. Wing's Morning ConcertMarlborough Rooms...	3
"Le Nozze di Figaro"Covent Garden Theatre...	8.30

MONDAY, 5.

Mr. W. G. Cusins's ConcertSt. James's Hall...	3
Mr. Kirwan's RecitalMarlborough Rooms...	3
Mr. Charles Wade's ConcertPrinces' Hall...	3.30

TUESDAY, 6.

"Don Giovanni"Covent Garden Theatre...	8.30
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WEDNESDAY, 7.

"The Water Carrier"Savoy Theatre...	3
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THURSDAY, 8.

OperaCovent Garden Theatre...	8.30
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FRIDAY, 9.

Royal Academy of Music Students' Orchestral ConcertSt. James's Hall...	2.30
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Notes and News.

LONDON.

The Russian Choir went to Windsor Castle on Wednesday afternoon to sing before the Queen.

A new comic opera, the words by Mr. Maurice Barrymore, the lyrics by Mr. Beatty-Kingston, and the music by Mr. W. Fullerton, has now been completed. The authors hope to bring it out in London soon. It is entitled *Waldemar*, and the chief parts were intended for Madame Florence St. John and Mr. Coffin, although it is doubtful whether the two artists will eventually appear in them.

The Nottingham Glee Club are offering two prizes for the best glee for male voices with piano accompaniment, introducing short solos for tenor and baritone, or bass. The competition is open to residents in the United Kingdom. An additional prize is offered for the best glee composed by a resident in Nottinghamshire. The judges will be Messrs. Henry Farmer, Henry Housely, F.C.O., and A. Page, F.C.O.

On Monday evening at Princes' Hall, Mr. W. de Manby Sergison, the popular organist of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, gave his annual concert to a large and fashionable audience. He modestly contented himself with contributing only one item to a long programme, and that in a concerted piece, the pianoforte part of Raff's trio in C minor, Miss Winifred Robinson being the violinist, and Mr. Leo Stern the 'cellist. Miss Agnes Zimmermann gained well-deserved applause with Chopin's "Ballade" in A flat, and Tausig's arrangement of Schubert's "Marche Militaire." Mr. John Thomas and Miss Maude Valérie White also assisted, and Misses Gomes, Wakefield, Hilda Wilson, Messrs. C. Wade and Gilbert Campbell were the vocalists, Mr. A. J. Caldicott and Mr. W. de M. Sergison undertaking the duties of accompanists. Miss Gomes possesses a rich voice, her singing of Denza's new song, "Nubian Girl," being one of the successes of the evening.

At the first concert of the Burlington Violin and Orchestral Academy last Saturday, the students had an opportunity of inviting public criticism on their talents and progress. The programme included performances on the violin by pupils of Herr J. Kornfeld, the principal, and was strengthened by the names of such artists as Miss Marie de Lido, Mddles. Jeanne and Louise Douste de Fortis, Signor Rizelli, and Mr. Ganz.

Miss Katherine Poyntz, whose successful appearance a few years ago in oratorios will be remembered, gave a concert at 16, Grosvenor Street, on Thursday last week, when she sang in her wonted artistic manner, songs by Rubinstein, Blumenthal, and other composers. She was assisted by Miss Annie Glen, Miss Damian, MM. Vernon Rigby, D'Arcy Ferris, Charles Alexander, Lazarus (clarinet), and Miss Colmache (pianoforte). The programme was diversified by recitations given by Mr. George Grossmith and Miss Rosina Filippi.

Mr. Rosa's London season came to a successful close on Saturday, and we are glad to learn that the financial results have on no previous occasion been equally satisfactory. The artists will enjoy a well-earned holiday till August, when the provincial tour begins. One of the chief events of that campaign will be the production of Mr. Corder's new opera, which is to take place at Liverpool. The music is in an advanced state, and the scenic arrangements for the first act, which are of a very elaborate nature, have already been tried at Mr. Rosa's Liverpool theatre.

The pressure on our space prevents us from noticing at greater length Mr. Bantock Pierpoint's morning concert, which took place at the Marlborough Rooms on Saturday last. Mr. Pierpoint is one of our rising singers, full of ambition, and not wanting in power, and he is sure to make his mark before long.

At his annual concert, Mr. S. Lehmeier made up his programme entirely of the works of the two great pianists who have been the lions of the musical season—Rubinstein and Liszt;—an excellent idea, well carried out by Mr. Lehmeier (who is an experienced pianist) and his vocal and instrumental associates.

Madame Meyerbeer, née Mossou, the widow of the celebrated composer, has died at Wiesbaden, aged 81. She leaves three daughters—the Baroness von Korff, the Baroness von Andrian-Werburg, and Madame Richter, the widow of the distinguished painter.

A grand opera by a former pupil of the Royal Academy, Miss Ida Walter, perhaps the first English work of that class by a female composer, will be performed at the Novelty Theatre, on July 14. The cast is a strong one, Miss Griswold, Miss Dickerson, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and other artists of reputation having undertaken the principal parts. The forthcoming event is attracting a good deal of attention in Society, and the Prince of Wales has secured a box for the first night.

We are asked to state that tickets for the Bayreuth Festivals can be secured at Mr. Hermann Franke's Office, 2, Vere Street, where the plan of the theatre may be seen. The price for each seat, numbered and reserved, is £1.

FOREIGN.

A new tenor has been discovered in Stockholm, in a soldier named Bradbost. He has appeared as Tell.

A new theatre is to be erected at Nice, and to be devoted to French drama and opera.

Only one candidate for the Prix de Rome presented himself at the Madrid Conservatoire. He gained the prize.

Filippo Scotti, professor of the harp at the Naples Conservatoire, has lately died.

The chief feature of the Music Festival at Dordrecht was the B minor Mass by Albert Becker, who was present to receive the heartiest applause. Another successful new work was a 'cello concerto by the Dordrecht conductor, Kes. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and excerpts from Wagner's *Tristan*, were also given and elicited great enthusiasm.

BERLIN.—Madame Sembrich has closed her brilliant performances at the Kroll Theatre. She is to return for a short time in autumn to take an engagement at the Court Opera House.—Dr. Hermann Helmholtz, the famous physical scholar, has been named Vice-Chancellor of the Order pour le Mérite by the German Emperor; and at Vienna Dr. Hanslick, the critic, has been awarded the title of Hofrath.

COPENHAGEN, June 28.—A great number of the best Swedish singers, from the Stockholm Royal Opera, came to Copenhagen about ten days ago, and commenced a series of performances at the Dagmar Theatre. They have already given five operas, namely: Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, Massé's *Paul and Virginia*, Donizetti's *La Favorita*, and Adam's *A king for a day*. All these have drawn full houses, and the enthusiasm is so great that we shall have another six performances this week. Of the principal artists I shall name the excellent tenor, Odmann; the baritone, Lindqvist; the sopranos, Mdle. Ek and Madame Anderson; and a contralto, Mdle. Almati. Their voices are without exception very fine and well-trained, and the whole *ensemble* is nearly perfect. I wish I could state the same of our Danish Opera; but I am sorry to say that there can be no comparison whatever between the two at present.—Mdle. Feilberg Lassen gave a concert on June 25, at a Holte near Copenhagen. It was a great success for all concerned. The pianist, Holger Dahl, played splendidly four compositions of his, of which the "Oriental March" and the "Tarantella" took people by storm. The tenor, Christoffersen, of the Copenhagen Opera, sang two romances by Glaser and Abt; and Mdle. Feilberg Lassen was recalled after each number and had to sing three encores in addition to the pieces set down for her in the programme, namely, "Nobil signor" from *Les Huguenots*, three songs by Grieg, Schram, and Ahlstrom, Gounod's "Stances dei Sapho," and the "Habenera" from *Carmen*.

DRESDEN.—The complete *Nibelungen* representations at the Royal Court Opera begin on August 16, the second series on August 30. The idea of giving a cyclus of all of Wagner's dramas is now abandoned. Herr Riese of this theatre has had a successful operation performed on his eyes and will be able to resume his artistic duties.

PARIS, June 26.—The committee for the inauguration of Lenoir's statue of Berlioz, are determined to make the fête a grand success. It will take place on October 17, in the *Place Vintimille*. The music, comprising "L'Apothéose," from the *Symphonie funèbre*, and the "Marche Troyenne," will be given under the direction of M. E. Colonne. MM. Ambroise Thomas and Delaborde are expected to be among the speakers.—At the Opéra a series of experiments has been carried on, with the result that the management have negotiated for the lighting of the whole house by electricity. This will necessitate double the incandescent lamps hitherto used, bringing the number up to 6126—of which 5018 are to be of ten-candle power, and 1108 of sixteen-candle power, replacing 7570 gas jets.—Joachim is expected in January to play at the Concert Colonne.—Steps are being taken to carry out the wishes of the late Madame Rossini, who left a large sum for the establishment of a home for Italian and French artists who are in distress through infirmity or illness. The scheme now adopted involves a total expenditure of 576,132 francs.—Ernest David, who died on June 3, was chiefly known by his biographies of Bach and Handel, and by his share in Lussy's "Histoire de la notation musicale." His Lives of Mendelssohn and Schumann are to appear shortly.—Madlle. Marie Boulanger, a favourite violinist, has died lately.—M. Truffi, of the Moscow Opera, is looking for a theatre where the Russian operas can be given. The personnel and the scenery arrive complete from Moscow, but the orchestra must be recruited from the musicians of Paris. The works already announced are *La Roussalka* by Dargomijsky, and *Snegourotschka* by Tschaiikowsky.—M. Pasdeloup will next winter resume the direction of the Popular Concerts, which will have been instituted for twenty-five years on October 27.—M. Ciampi-Cellaj, the baritone singer, has arrived in Paris with his wife, the sister of the late Théodore Ritter.

A correspondent, writing from Sondershausen, gives the following details as to the festival lately held there and mentioned in our last issue:—The chamber music *matinée* of Saturday, the 19th, brought to the front several new works. A piano quintet in D major, by Urspruch, was played by the composer in conjunction with the Weimar quartet. The composition, though pleasing, is at the same time rather trifling in character, as

it partakes of all styles and manners of music and therefore fails in consecutiveness and unity of design. Another quintet, by Anton Bruckner, for strings, has, on the other hand, all the merit of earnest purpose and clever writing. In the Adagio the composer rises to his highest flight. Notwithstanding the beauty of his works and the enthusiasm of certain Bruckner worshippers, he does not in my opinion manifest the highest kind of originality. Of the vocalists, Herr Karl Hill gave the greatest pleasure by his performance of four of Herr Sommer's Songs. Eugen d'Albert played his four beautiful pieces, published as Op. 4, besides accompanying Herr Hill, exquisitely. The next evening's concert opened with a prelude and aria out of Leopold Damrosch's oratorio of *Sulamith*, conducted by the composer's son. The aria "Gebadet und Gesalbt" was sung by Fräulein Marianne Brandt (well remembered in London), who won for it immense applause. Herr Klengel's marvellous execution of a violoncello concerto by Gustav Guthel, aroused even greater enthusiasm. Orchestral pieces followed: the "Frühlingsphantasie" by Hans v. Bronsart, and "Am Rabenstein" by Heinrich Schulz-Beuthen—the latter an especially well-written piece. It remained for Herr Karl Hill again to receive the honours of the evening by his rendering this time of four songs by d'Albert: "Ach, weisst du es noch," "Das Mädchen und der Schmetterling," "Nebel," and "Mailed;" the second of these had to be repeated twice. Of d'Albert's playing of Brahms's B major concerto no more poetical and ideal conception could be imagined. The Festival was worthily concluded by Wagner's *Kaisermarsch*, the whole audience joining in the chorus. All praise must be given to the band and its conductor, Herr Schröder, who in opera and concert room has done so much for the musical reputation of Sondershausen. It is hoped that after filling the post of conductor at the German Opera at Rotterdam, he may some day be recalled to his own country. In the meantime Herr Schultze succeeds him at Sondershausen.

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PRIZE SONG.

"MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART."

Words by

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1534-86.)

Music by

HENRY LAHEE.

VOICE.

Vivace e con passione.

My

PIANO.

p

true - love hath my heart, and I have his.....

..... By just ex - change, one..... to the o - ther giv'n :

THE OTHER PRIZE SONG, by Mr. PERCY GODFREY—entitled "Life of Life"—will be issued with "The Musical World" of the 17th inst.

I hold his dear, and mine he can - not

miss, There nev - er was... a bet - ter

bar - gain driv'n,..... My true - love hath my...

heart, My true - love hath my... heart, and I have

his. His heart in me keeps

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'his.', then a quarter note 'His', a quarter note 'heart', a quarter note 'in', a quarter note 'me', and a quarter note 'keeps'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present at the start.

him and me in one; My heart in him, his thoughts.....

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note 'him', a quarter note 'and', a quarter note 'me', a quarter note 'in', a quarter note 'one;', a quarter note 'My', a quarter note 'heart', a quarter note 'in', a quarter note 'him,', a quarter note 'his', and a dotted half note 'thoughts.....'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

..... and sen - ses guides. He

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note '.....', followed by a quarter note 'and', a quarter note 'sen -', a quarter note 'ses', a quarter note 'guides.', and a quarter note 'He'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. There are accent markings (>) under the notes in the right hand of the piano part.

loves my heart, for once it was his

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a quarter note 'loves', a quarter note 'my', a quarter note 'heart,', a quarter note 'for', a quarter note 'once', a quarter note 'it', a quarter note 'was', and a quarter note 'his'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

cres - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.*

own; I che - rish his..... be - cause in

cres.

rit. *f*

me it bides..... My true - love hath my

f colla voce.

heart, My true - love hath my heart, ... and

I, and I have his.....

rall.